

TWAS THE TOKE BEFORE CHRISTMAS

XXXXXXXXXX



XXXXXXXXXX



Santa gets tied up at Eng. Soc. Xmas Party.

TWAS THE DAY OF THE EXAM

"Twas the day of the exam, an all through the skule
Not a creature was stirring, not even a fool.
The timetables were hung on the corkboards with care
Reminding the students to really BEWARE!
The students themselves were snug in their desks
In the library studying. They were taking no risks!
Then, all in accord, as if by command,
They all turned to watch the clocks rushing hands
As it chopped off the seconds, the minutes, the hours,
Until they'd be wrestling with roots, sines, and powers,
And Gauss, and Euler, and Fourier too,
And how a steel beam shears into two.
The clock said the time was ten minutes to two
"Oh well", thought the Frosh, "what I know will have to do."
And then, walking quite slow, the crowd disappeared.
They went to their lockers, to stow away their books,
Exchanged with each other, their terrified looks,
"To the top of the stairs, to the end of the hall,
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

The lights shining down on the desks, row on row
Showed a lustre of horror on the faces below.
When what to their wondering eyes did appear,
But a PROF; the sight did not fill them with cheer.
The prof tried vainly to put them at ease,
But at this point in time they were quite hard to please.
He passed out the papers, and when he was through,
He said, "Turn them over. You know what to do."
The paper looked long. Their heads started to reel,
And thus started the two and one half hour ordeal.
They started the questions and racked their sore brains
And with the long answers they took many pains.
Then, the knowledge seeped through, as they worked through the test,
That if they watched the time, they could finish the rest!
They wrote and they calculated, 'till their fingers were sore
Then they realized there was but a little bit more.
At various times, they finished their writing
Then started the task of proof-reading and righting
Mistakes that they made as they worked through the paper
Such as saying that a gas is just the same as a vapour.
Soon the prof looked up and said "STOP ALL YOUR WRITING!"
He asked for the papers, then turned with a jerk.
And laying a finger aside of his nose
And giving a nod, from the front desk he arose.
But they heard him exclaim, ere he walked out of sight:
"Boy, you guys have it good. I'll be marking all night!"

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The **TOIKE OIKE** is a humour publication and should not be taken seriously. Thank you.

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This *Toike* was created using one Apple Macintosh computer. LaserWriting courtesy of:

**AN EDITORIAL**

The *Toike* has always managed to stir up controversy in its issues. I thought it would be best to explain the methods which are used to materialize a *Toike* and the purposes behind it.

Here are some facts that you may not know:

- 1) The *Toike* prints and circulates 16,000 copies each issue.
- 2) Issues are distributed between the St. George, Erindale, and Scarborough campuses on the basis of student population.
- 3) Each issue costs over \$1,000 to produce. SAC gives us no money, the Engineering Society gives us \$300 per issue, and the rest of the money comes from advertising.
- 4) Neither the Engineering Society, nor the administration can take any responsibility for articles which are thought to be distasteful. The content of the *Toike* is controlled by the conscience of the Editor (and the law). As editor, I have certain criteria which should be met and followed.

The *Toike* is a humor publication and its contents should not be taken seriously (except for some of the advertising). The *Toike*'s main purpose is to provide humor and laughter to those who appreciate reading it. If you are someone who does not appreciate reading the *Toike*, then put the paper back on the stand and leave it for someone who does.

Articles having direct malicious intent or involving personal attacks will not be printed. Sometimes material is printed that pokes fun at people or their ideas.

In our last issue, we seemed to have annoyed a few people at the Faculty of Nursing. My intent in the last issue was to provide humor, and not to place a demeaning label on them. I apologize if it was wrongly taken, but we do warn our readers not to take the *Toike* seriously.

As for the feminists, I really can't take them seriously. I respect their views and believe that it is their right to stand up for their beliefs. However, I will not remove articles from the *Toike* that they consider sexist. I really don't know how they are aware of the *Toike*'s contents since they say that they don't read it. If you leave us alone then we'll leave you alone.

Articles, on the other hand, are always being picked on in the *Toike*. If you don't like it, then why don't you submit articles that you think are funny and that Artsie's may enjoy reading. Articles in the *Toike* are funny, yet our choice of material is limited. Our address is on the bottom of this page, so whether you attend Scarborough, Erindale, or St. George Campus (or if you're just an interested reader) please send in material (with or without your name) and we'll consider printing it.

When referring to this issue, the material was not meant to display any anti-religious sentiment or re-define the meaning of Christmas. It is meant to make a comment on the commercialism of Christmas while poking fun at traditional songs and beliefs that are associated with the season. I apologize to those who interpret it differently.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The *Toike Oike* is published at randomly generated intervals by the University of Toronto Engineering Society. All letters and parcel bombs should be addressed to:

Dear Mr. Editor
Toike Oike
 10 King's College Road
 Sandford Fleming B670
 University of Toronto
 Toronto, Canada, M5S 1A1



For more information, contact Kim Hollings or John Rynn in the Eng. Soc.

ALL ACTS ARE WELCOME (NO PETS PLEASE!).

Applications are available in the Eng. Soc.
 Deadline for applications: Thursday, Jan. 8th, 1987.

Winners will represent Engineering at the U of T Talent Night.



SANTA WRITES BACK

You think you got it bad?!

All night long, soot in the chimneys, smelly socks, cross dogs, shot at, mistaken for a stork, driving all night in the snow, damn near got killed by a 747, and Mrs. Claus got pissed off 'cause I got in too late.

AND THAT ISN'T ALL!

Donner and Blitzen and Rudolf got the shits over Albuquerque and you should see my suit. The damn Elves won't clean the sleigh unless I pay them double time. I am so sick of cookies and milk, I could vomit. The only highball I had all night is when I slipped getting out of the sleigh. My Prostrate is giving me hell, pissed my pants at 20,000 feet and froze to the seat. Allergic to pine needles, I itch all over. I think my hemorrhoids are back.

HO! HO! HO!

**MERRY CHRISTMAS,
YOU ASS!**

I have been watching you very closely to see if you have been good this year, and since you have I will be telling my elves to make some goodies for me to leave under your tree on Christmas.

I was going to bring you all the gifts from the "Twelve days of Christmas" but we have a little problem up here. The twelve fiddlers fiddling have all come down with V.D. form fiddling with the ten ladies dancing. The eleven lords a leaping have knocked up the eight maids a milking and the nine pipers piping have been arrested for doing weird things the seven swans a swimming and six geese a laying. The four calling birds, three french hens, two turtle doves and the partridge in a pear tree have me up to my ass in bird shit.

On top of all this Mrs Claus is going through menopause. Eight of my reindeer are in heat, the elves have joined the gay liberation movement and those dumb ass Polacks have scheduled Christmas in Poland for the fifth of February.

Sincerely Yours,
 Santa Claus

**WATCH FOR THE
SKULE LOTTERY
... coming in January!**

ENGINEERING SKI TEAM

Sign up on E.A.A. door in
 the Eng. Soc..

PUCHRE EUCHRE (FOR CHRISTMAS)

All rules for PUCHRE EUCHRE consist of the standard EUCHRE rules found in many countries in the Western Hemisphere, excluding Nicaragua, Mexico, and the Cuban Republic.

WARNING- This version of the popular parlor game is not sanctioned by AA and should be played and enjoyed(?) at your own risk. D & A Enterprises under the consultation of Dean Martin will not be liable for any injury, death, brain hemorrhage, or any other major fuck-ups resulting from playing PUCHRE EUCHRE.

BASIC RULES

1. Drinks or penalties will be in the form of shots to be standardized before play. For example, consult the following table: (shots are to be drunk by the team which lost the point(s))

1 puchre point = 1 shot ea.
2 puchre points = 2 shots ea.
1 puchre euchre = 4 shots ea.
loner (4 points) = 6 shots ea.

At the end of the game, each team must drink one shot for every point they won during regulation play (maximum 10 shots ea.)

2. If you are caught cheating blatantly, you and your partner must drink 4 shots each and you miss your next deal.

3. You can only use the lavatory when it is your deal. If you can't hold your water, you can give up a point and both players may proceed to relieve themselves (alone or together).

NOTE: If consensus is made between both teams on the subject of urination, no points will be forfeited.

4. Smokers may only light up (cigarettes, hash, pot, etc.) at the beginning of a game or when they are winning.

5. During the course of play, players may not drink any type of beverage whatsoever, this includes beer, liquor, and even water if it is not called for in the process of the game.

The concept of PUCHRE EUCHRE is protected by copywrite. Any other edition of this game is a fake. If you have already bought one, you were burnt and the PUCHRE EUCHRE policies will get you.

The TOIKE OIKE and its staff do not take any responsibility for you playing this foolish game. If you are an Artsie may we suggest that you use shots which are 1/4 the size of a regular shot.

OVER 3,000,000 ESKIMOS RECOMMEND: YOUNG DRIVERS OF THE NORTH POLE



WE TAUGHT SANTA, WE CAN TEACH YOU TOO!

LEARN TO DRIVE 8 REINDEER IN JUST 6 WEEKS!

LEARN PROPER PRODEDURES FOR ROOFTOP PARKING!

"TO HELL WITH BRITISH AIRWAYS I CAN FLY MY SLEIGH TO EUROPE IN JUST 4 HOURS"

MR. TOE, ICELAND

"SEX AT 4,000 FEET IS GREAT"

MRS. CLAUS, NORTH POLE

"I TOOK THIS COURSE BY CORRESPONDENCE"

JACK FROST, N.W.T.



SANTA CLAUS PARADE; WHERE WAS THE LGMB ?!



Dear Editor,

It was with great dismay that I left the most recent rendition of the Santa Claus Parade (SCP). Patiently standing in the cold wind, while little dribbles of rain (or was it little dribbles from that snot-nosed kid on the ledge above me?) assualted my near frozen cheeks. I watched the parade with eager anticipation. I saw many musically inclined persons parade by me with instruments quite similar to those possessed by members of the LGMB, although I don't think their instruments were quite as large, nor as well used. Anyway, you can imagine how excited I was when after waiting what seemed like hours I heard the man next to me say, "here comes the highlight of the parade." Then my heart broke. I thought for sure it was the LGMB. But, it was only Santa, and with that queer sort of twinkle in his eye, I don't think he had an instrument at all. What I want

to know is why wasn't the LGMB is the SCP? If we want our children (ie. the children of our society, for those of us that don't actually have any children-that we know of anyway)-to grow up to be a beneficial part of society, then what better way to set them on the right track that the constructive, nay, the instructive influence of the LGMB? What better way to learn roughly 1000 knock-knock jokes? What better way to learn the perils of loose women? What better way to learn about engineers and all their erections since time began? What better way to learn why Santa's Sac is always so full? (He only comes once a year!) Think of it! -- No more bubblegum joke books. -- No more of dad's Playboys stashed between Care Bears and Mother Goose. -- No more playing doctor behind the piano in the basement (with a finger Scite it Sireneue). With the LGMB there to tell the kids about life, Santa

Claus, and the proper use of ones instrument; how can they go wrong? As a conscientious citizen, I therefore propose that the LGMB be a part of all future SCP's. Maybe even with its own accompaniment of clowns giving out special LGMB balloons with a different joke printed on each one. LGMB classics such as Gang-Bang, Soldiers Song, and My Foreskin Lies Over My Shoulder should be played extensively, with song sheets (in large type for those just learning how to read) given out. And, last but not least, there could even be a float with various LGMB members' instruments on display to familiarize the kids with the different sizes and shapes of such instruments as the LGMBer's own. As Joe E. Armstrong Skule once said: "It's one small step for the LGMB, and one giant lesson for the kids."

Yours Truly,

Bill E. Bumgowie

The Engineering Athletic Association Presents:

SKI PARTY '87



At The

CRAIGLEITH SKI CLUB

COLLINGWOOD

Friday January 9



CUMICS



"Whats got me pissed of is that now he considers her his number-one helper"



"Then I realized I couldn't take another Christmas Eve Staring up little reindeer asses!"



"And a transsexual doll with an awesome wardrobe and reversible oragans, and a minature set of terrorists with little plastic bombs that go off too soon and blow their laces off; and a darling street scene with assorted junkies and a little pimp-and-hooker set; and"



"And not only that, Santa, but right up until my operation I was a very good boy!"



"Sorry Santa, I gave at the office."



"Merciful heavens, madam! This is no time for extended orgasms!"



"Monica? You're picking Monica to play the virgin? Wow! Talk about creative casting!"

SANTA'S BEEN A BAD BOY.

Canadian lawmen have added one more name to their most wanted list: Santa Claus, alias Kris Kringle, alias St. Nick, age unknown, of no fixed address.

The case was launched by officials who charge that Claus failed to apply for landed immigration status when he left his mountaintop in Finland and moved to the North Pole.

Repeated RCMP raids on the North Pole have failed to find either Claus or the toy shop he set up without permission to incorporate.

U.S. immigration officials have joined the manhunt, alleging that Claus had crossed the border illegally on Dec. 25 of each year as far back as the records go.

A Lakeshore MPP said yesterday, however, that he is "seriously considering" the introduction of a private member's bill at Queen's Park to free Claus from the "infinite" restrictions on his movements in Ontario.

Although Claus does not operate a union toy shop, his work does seem to be in the public interest, the MPP said.

Until the bill is passed Claus is also charged with:

- Illegal entry of millions of Canadian homes on Dec. 25 of each year.

- Violation of the federal Anti-Combines Investigation Act, since it appears he is maintaining a strict monopoly in his field.

- breaking provincial labour regulations, by failing to pay his elves and dwarves the minimum wage, provide paid vacations, and wages at time and a half for more than 44-hour work weeks.

- Failing to transmit unemployment insurance payments, income tax deductions, and Canada Pension payments to the proper authorities on behalf of his employees.

- Failing to provide a flight plan for his travels.

- Failing to equip his vehicle with seat belts, or properly fit his reindeer with emission control devices.

- Failing to declare as taxable income the cookies and milk left for him each year by the millions.

- Illegally competing with Canada Post.

- Possibly breaking food and drug laws by administering an unauthorized drug to Rudolph to make his nose light up.

- And, parking in a no parking zone, namely rooftops. RCMP officials also note that they have been able to find no record of either a driver's licence or pilot's licence issued to Claus.

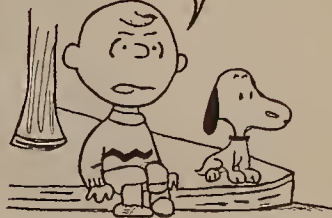
WANTED!



\$500,000 REWARD

(WITH OR WITHOUT REINDEER)

Doing a good job in this place is like wetting your pants in a dark suit... It gives a warm feeling, but nobody notices.



Labatt's
Blue Light

Labatt's
Blue Light BEER

Blues Brothers

CALL FOR THE BLUE

REGULAR JOIKES

An Engineer and an Artsie were having a piss beside each other when the Artsie looked over and asked the Engineer how he got such a big penis.

"I soak it in oil for two hours every night," replied the Engineer.

Thinking this would do wonders for his two inch dick, the Artsie went home and repeatedly soaked his penis for two hours every night.

Two weeks later the Artsie walked into the Suds Pub and punched the Engineer in the mouth.

"What's that for?," asked the Engineer.

"Well, I did what you said and now my penis is only one inch long," replied the Artsie.

"What type of oil did you use?"

"Crisco", stated the Artsie. "You dum fuck!", said the Engineer, "you used shortening."

A young boy was sitting on the sidewalk playing with a pile of dogshit. As he was slapping it around an Artsie came up to him and asked "What are you doing?"

"I'm making an Engineer", the kid replied.

Upon hearing this the Artsie smiled and rushed away. He returned several minutes later with an Engineer and said, "Tell this Engineer what you are doing".

"I'm making an Engineer", the boy answered.

"Why the hell would you say something like that?," the Engineer asked.

"Because I don't have enough shit to make an Artsie".

Why did the rubber fly across the room?
It got pissed off.

Three chance hunting acquaintances were swapping personal bravery yarns around the campfire. "And then there was the time," drawled the Artsie, "that I stomped a pair of rattlers to death - barefoot!"

"Which reminds me", countered the jock, "of that full-grown grizzly I once did away with - barehanded!"

They both looked at the Engineer. But he just sat there silently, half-smiling and dreamlike, occasionally reaching out to poke the embers of the fire with his penis.

Did you here the one about the Artsie who bet the bartender at a tavern that he would drink from the spittoon if he was given a free drink.

"It's a bet", said the bartender.

After careful preparation the Artsie picked up the spittoon and starting drinking.

"Okay, you won," said the bartender, yet the Artsie kept drinking.

"Stop...please stop before I get sick", pleaded the bartender, but the Artsie kept drinking using a massive gulping action.

Suddenly the bartender was sick to his stomach and had to leave the bar area. It wasn't long later that the Artsie finished the entire substance of the spittoon and placed it back on the floor.

"Why didn't you stop?," asked the bartender. "I would have kept my side of the bet if you had just drank a mouthful."

"Ya I know", replied the Artsie. "I couldn't stop because it was all one piece."

While they were parked in lovers' lane one dark night, the young woman suddenly exclaimed, "Oh...oh, please don't do that or I'll go to pieces!"

"Go right ahead," panted her date. "I've got the part I want."

Why do women rub their eyes in the morning?

Because they don't have balls to scratch.

Two Artsies were going hunting with their Engineering friend. Being weary of his Artsie friends' hunting abilities, the Engineer decided he'd let his friends go hunting alone and he'd wait at the edge of the bush.

"If you think you're lost in the bush just fire three shots in the air and I'll come in and get you", said the Engineer.

Well, after an hour of hunting the Artsies concluded that they were lost. Immediately one of the Artsies fired three shots in the air in hope of notifying his Engineering freind of their whereabouts. Nothing happened for about half an hour. Starting to get nervous the other Artsie fired three shots in the air, yet still nothing happened.

"Why don't you fire another three shots", said one Artsie to the other.

"I can't," he replied. "I only have two arrows left."

What's the definition of a chastity belt?

It's a pubic defender.

What's an Artsie menage a trois?

Using both hands to masturbate.

What's a vagina?

A giftbox a penis comes in.

The same two Artsies went hunting the following week except they took guns with them instead of arrows.

While climbing over a dead tree, one of the Artsies slipped and shot the other. Referring to the hunting manual on what to do, the Artsie followed the instructions on what to do to a tee.

At the hospital, the one Artsie waited in the waiting room while his friend underwent surgery.

As the doctor came into the waiting room, the Artsie asked "Is my friend going to be alright?"

"Well", replied the doctor, "he would have had a better chance if you hadn't gutted him".

While walking through town one morning the young priest was approached by a woman who purred, "A quickie for five bucks!"

Obviously confused by this advance, the Father continued on his way; but within a short span of time, another prostitute beckoned him with "A quickie for five bucks!"

The priest returned to the parish and encountered the Mother Superior. His curiosity overcame him and he asked, "Mother, what's a quickie?"

"Five bucks," replied the nun, "same as in town."

What do you call a woman who can suck a golf ball through fifty feet of garden hose?
Darling.

Did you here about the girl that signed up for a course in sex education.

She thought the final exam would be oral.

An Engineer walked into the women's rest room and casually unzipped his fly.

"Sir," said a woman sternly. "this is for ladies!"
Yeah?" he said. "So is this!"

An Artsie and an Engineer who had been dating the same girl were comparing notes over a beer. "All I've been able to do so far is kiss her goodnight," admitted the Artsie.

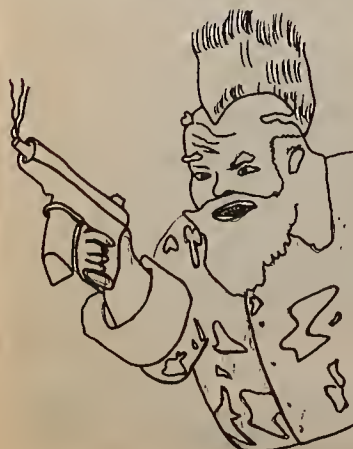
"That's all I've been able to do, too," said the Engineer.

"Tell me," asked the Artsie, "when you kissed her, did she say anything about letting you do more?"

"She may have," replied the Engineer, "but I wasn't hearing too well. Her thighs were covering my ears."

RAMBO CLAUS

COMING SOON FOR XMAS



He's One Mean Dude. . . .

TOIKE OIKE RECIPES FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON

STIR-FRY HAGGIS

One of the more traditional dishes of the holiday season, stir-fry haggis is well known for its unusual effects on the digestive and central nervous systems.

Ingredients:

4 cups reconstituted horse vomit (including stomach of horse)

1 cup shredded Nashua diskettes

2 seconds Kronos margarine

James' beard

Julia's child

Betty's crocker

Mix it all up in a big pot until it looks like bloody hell, stuff into the horse's stomach, and stir-fry for 15 minutes. Sprinkle lightly with paprika and lamb droppings and send parcel-post to each of your guests 1 week before they arrive. Makes 8 servings.



CURRIED EGGNOG A LA POLYCARBONATE

This famous culinary delight was created in the kitchens of La Malsen du Polycarbonate in Paris in 1872. It is a true thrill to the palate and is best served chilled before a meal or while asleep.

Ingredients:

12 oeufs d'orangutan

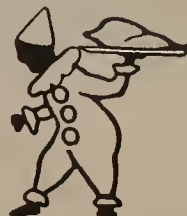
6 cups vintage head cheese (1908, 1926, or 1949)

1 cup kangaroo hymens

65 tubes Aquafresh toothpaste w/fluoride

1 G.E. 200W aspirator

Set cyclotron to 100 MeV and bombard mixture with high-energy electrons until boiling. Pour into aspirator and breathe deeply until severely sick. Drink some curried eggnog and throw up into large polycarbonate punch bowl. Makes 6 servings.



YORKSHIRE PUDDING DU PLAGUE BURONIQUE

The Eighth Wonder of the Western World, this excellent dish represents the culmination of years of mandatory drug testing of Brazilian cows with criminal records. In 1976, 10 Brazilian cows formed the now defunct Bovine Liberation Front. The BLF raided Catholic monasteries across South America in search of holy water and Corpus Christi biscuits for a huge tea party honouring Ricardo Montalban's hair. Upon capture, the leader of the BLF was heard to say "Mr. Christi, you make good cookies."

Ingredients:

10 dollars CDN

1 working automobile with some gas in the tank

Go to the nearest supermarket and buy some canned or instant Yorkshire Pudding du Plague Buronique. Follow directions on the label. Serve and don't tell anyone where you got it.

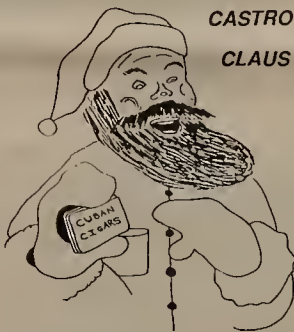
SANTA AROUND THE WORLD

SANTA IN CALIFORNIA



SANFRANTA
CLAUS

SANTA IN CUBA



CASTRO
CLAUS

SANTA IN IRAN



IRANTA
CLAUS

SANTA IN CENTRAL PARK



FLASHA CLAUS

SANTA IN CHERNOBYL



NUKED CLAUS

SANTA IN BELFAST



BLASTA CLAUS

Any way you like it,
the clean, smooth taste
of Miller High Life.
That's Miller Time!

Miller Time





SEASONAL JOIKES



Two little boys wanted to get drunk for New Years Eve. They went into a liquor store to buy a bottle. The store clerk said he couldn't sell them anything because they were too young. "But it's for our Father" pleaded one of the boys. "He uses it as a laxitive"

After a short while the clerk relented and sold the boys a bottle of whisky.

Later that night the store clerk saw the two boys reeling on a street corner, obviously piss drunk.

He went up to them and angrily said, "I thought your father was going to use that whiskey as a laxitive!!!"

"He is", replied one of the boys. "He'll sure shit shit when he sees us!"

Why is Ebenezer Scrooge like a corpse passing gas?
They're both mean old farts.

What christmas gift is far better to receive than to give?
Head.

What do you give an incurable romantic for Christmas?
Penicillin.

What's red and green and pointy?

1. Holy.
2. Pointsettias.
3. Whatever it is, if it's between your legs you'd better go and see a doctor.

What do elves eat while Santa is out delivering gifts on Christmas Eve?
Mrs Claus.

Just before the office Christmas party a secretary at one of Toronto's largest manufacturing firms got the raise she had been after for several months.

She was so happy that she had Merry Christmas tatoored on the inside of one thigh and Happy New Year on the other.

Later that week as she was leaving the office party she said to her boss "why don't you cum up and see me sometime between the holidays?"

Why wasn't Christ born in southern California?
God couldn't find three wise men and a virgin.

Why does Santa let cocaine addicted reindeer lead his seigh through the blizzards?
They're good snow blowers.

What's the difference between Santa's sleigh and a UFO?
A UFO doesn't leave a trail of reindeer shit behind.

What does a newly cut Christmas tree have in common with a newborn jewish boy?
They both get trimmed eventually.

How come Santa has never appeared on the Johnny Carson Show?

There is no way that Santa and Ed McMahon will fit on the same couch together.

What do you call a reindeer with tire marks on his back?
Slow.

What do candy canes and sore cocks have in common?
The white mixes with the red when they're sucked long enough.

Why do elves make good faries?
Their mouths are just the right height.

What's the difference between a JAP and getting socks for Christmas.
Getting socks really SUCKS.

Why were the "Shepherds in the fields" the first to spot the star of Bethlehem?
Shepherds always look up while they're fucking sheep?

What's the difference between Greek Santa and regular Santa?
Regular Santa doesn't come in through the back door.

What did Scrooge suggest to the ghost of Christmas yet to cum?
Extended foreplay.

Why did the artsie hang mistletoe over the kitty litter?
He wanted to kiss some pussy.

Why do they call it the north pole?
Because Santa is well hung.

What's the difference between Regular Christmas and Greek Orthodox Christmas?
On regular christmas you don't fuck goats.

Who do elves buy cocaine from at the north pole?
Frosty the snowman.

What's it called when a reindeer pisses in flight?
A yellow christmas.

What did the new bride want to give her artsie husband for Christmas.
Five more inches.

What did the little girl say when she sat on the department store Santa's lap?
My Santa, what a pointy lap you have.

Why is it so hard to buy a Christmas gift for the happy hooker?
What do you get for a woman who has had everyone.

What is the Ghost of Christmas Past called when he visits Santa at his workshop?
North Pole-tergeist.

a
sears

christmas TOY SALE

the Swear Bears™

&

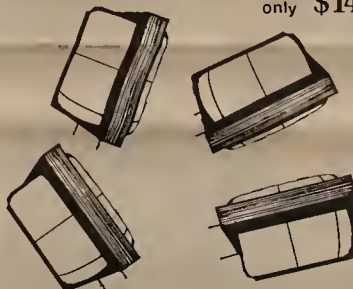
The Original Apathy Bears™

each
only
\$16.99



the TRANSFORMERS™

each
only \$14.99



MIAMI
VICE



Maniac Cat Burglar
playset

- includes:
- Kitchen Knife
- Dark Clothes
- Raw Meat
- Flour

Drug Bust playset

- MIAMI VICE badge
- 12 Kilo fine cocaine
- \$8 million US
- Beretta 92F 9mm pistol
- M-16 automatic rifle

OR

each
only \$16.99

Just Like Mom™
playset



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ONCE UPON A SODOMITE

(SUNG TO "ONCE UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR")



Once upon a Sodomite
There lived an Artsie lad
Whose sex life was so desolate
This story is rather sad

A shepherd came upon him
He tipped his wollen hat,
"What you want is pussy",
And he handed him a cat.

Again fatigue had won the fight
His hands were laced with cuts
And when he sat to take a rest
A squirrel grabbed his nuts.

The Artsie took a drive one night
When we were all asleep
He went out in the country
Until he found some sheep.

The sheep was much too feisty
Besides sodomy's a sin;
he chanced upon a little cat
And then began to grin.

Once more taking the upper hand
His face grew quickly red,
Calling him "Peanut Butter"
He told the squirrel to spread.

The Artsie wandered zealously
Into that lonesome flock
And then he felt a wild tingle
Upon his little cock.

his tousers fell around his feet
His mind was full of riddles,
Of how to clutch the quadraped
And eat it's tender vittles.

The Artsman was determined,
Determined not to fail.
he grabbed a handful of grey fur
his first real peice of tail.

The Artsie looked around and saw
What he thought was a fleecy ewe
And then he started petting it
To see what it might do.

He grabbed tabby's hind two legs
And thrust him round the yard,
And though the race was fast,
The Artsman lost his hard.

Then he panted heavily
It echoed through the night
He turned the squirrel over,
"Oh shit, a transvesitiel"

At last he fooled the silly Beast
And slipped behind so quick
He eased the poor sheeps nerves
By introducing his wee prick.



The Artsman yelled "I'm finished
I've had it, yes I'm through.
I can't have sex with anything
Not squirrel, cat, or ewe."

The loosest hole he'd ever seen
And far from being tight
Twas bigger than his left hand
And bigger than his right.

Now he was bewildered.
He did not understand.
Looking upon his wrench he said
"Introducing my right hand."

The Artsman was exhausted
As he fell into the grass
And realized that it was a Ram
he was porking up the ass.

So the universal moral
That applies throughout the land,
Is if you meet an Artsman,
DON'T EVER SHAKE HIS HAND!!



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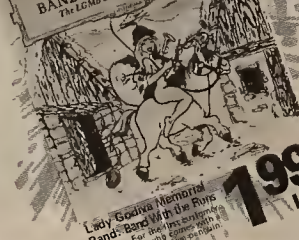
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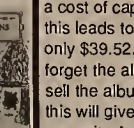
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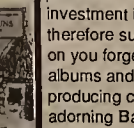
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QUANTITIES ARE LIMITED!

SANTA'S BOX



Dear Santa's Box,

Dear Elf,

B.F.D. (Big Fucking Deal).

I've heard rumors that in this issue the LGMB's record, Band with the Runs, will be on sale. The band claims that the album is worth \$4.00. This is not entirely true. The album is only worth \$2.00 but the album cover is worth \$2.00, making the entire package worth \$4.00.

This leads to a major economic problem. Assume that it costs \$3.00 to produce one album and \$0.25 for an album cover. This leaves a unit profit of \$0.75 per unit sold. If you assume sales of 200 units per year for the next three years and a cost of capital of 10 percent this leads to net present worth of only \$39.52. if however, you forget the album altogether and sell the album cover for \$2.00 this will give a profit of \$1.75 per unit. Assuming the same sales and cost of capital the net present worth for this investment is \$844.76. We therefore suggest that from now on you forget about making albums and devote your time to producing covers like the one adorning Band with the Runs.

Yours Truly,
A concerned Elf.

Dear Santa's Box,

I have been a very good little Engineer this year and I hope you will bring me lots of nice things for Christmas.

Dear Engineer,

As we all know all Engineers are very good so I will bring you wine, women, and song a plenty for Christmas.

Dear Santa's Box,

During orientation I noticed the cute plastic doll the Engineering Society used. May I have one of my very own for Christmas?

Yours truly,
Eng Sci 9TO

Dear Eng Sci,

Rather than giving you a rubber doll why don't I just introduce you to the Palm Sisters (your right and left hands).

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Engineering Society

Ski Trip

to

Mont Ste. Anne

during Reading Week: Feb. 15-21, 1987

(Sure it's early, but we have to plan NOW!)

This year's trip includes:

- All meals (ie. all breakfasts, lunches and dinners)
- All non-alcoholic beverages
- All transportation
- One five-day lift ticket
- Six day/live night accommodation in Luxury Chalets

Total Cost: \$335

(Only \$10 more than last year)

Sign up in the Engineering Society offices (SFB670)

Last year's trip sold out well in advance,
so don't put it off until later! !

\$100 DEPOSIT REQUIRED

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